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THE WORK OF RIVERS.

THERE is no series of actions occurring in the physical world around us of greater importance in the eyes of the geologist than the work of rivers. The high value which science is led to place upon the action of running-water as a geological agent, is by no means difficult to understand. We require firstly to bear in mind that the geologist endeavours to explain the past history of the earth by an appeal to its existing condition. The present of the earth is, in his view, the key to its past. This is the underlying principle of every detail of modern geology; and it is this method of explaining the past by an appeal to the existing circumstances of the earth, that constitutes what is known in geology as 'uniformity.' The geologist thus assumes that the actions and operations of Nature have been of uniform character, and that when differences have existed between the earth's past and its present, they can be proved to be differences, not of kind, but merely of degree. Thus he maintains, and with every show of reason, that rivers have always acted in the past as they act now; that rain and the sea have worn and wasted the land in the æons of long ago, as they wear and waste it still; and that volcanic eruptions, earthquake-action, and the rise and sinking of land, have served to modify the earth's surface in the past, as they are certainly seen to alter the contour of the land to-day.

In the work of modifying the earth, rivers have always held a prominent place. The early geologists invariably assumed that rivers were powerful agents in producing change, although they did not credit them with their full power as disclosed by modern research. Even Job speaks of the 'waters wearing the stones,' and of the 'mountain being moved out of his place;' and the observation shows us that in patriarchal days, the power of running-water to 'erode,' or to eat out and wear away the earth's crust, was a recognised feature of physical history. But it has certainly been left for the modern

geologist to show the full capabilities of rivers to effect changes upon the earth's surface; and to note the part they play in that well-nigh universal action, named 'denudation.' This action, as the etymology of the word indicates, is one of 'laying bare' the surfaces of the earth. But it is likewise something more. The 'laying bare' of rock-surfaces is only the prelude to them being wasted and worn, and to their being carried off, slowly or the reverse, to the sea and to lakes, there to form the rocks and foundations of the future.

In this work of denudation, there are employed a large number of natural agencies, which act ceaselessly upon the world's substance. There is hardly a feature of the land—hill, valley, river-course, basin, cliff—which does not represent either the direct or indirect result of the process of denudation. In this work of 'wear and tear,' the sea, of course, plays an important part. The ceaseless action of the waves affects the coasts, occasionally in an alarming fashion, by sweeping away large tracts of valuable land. The atmosphere also is ever at work, denuding the land by the action of the oxygen and carbonic acid gas which it contains; whilst ice, frost, and snow exercise a powerful effect upon the earth, whether in loosening the soils by the action of frost, or in the shape of the glacier, slowly cutting and carving its way from the mountain-tops to the valley below.

To rivers, however, must be ascribed the chief part in this action of 'denudation,' which it must be borne in mind is hardly a phase of pure 'waste,' inasmuch as the matter worn away from the land is being re-formed into rocks in the quietude of the lake-beds and in the abysses of ocean. Geologists have made elaborate calculations of the amount of waste matter which various rivers wear and bring down from the lands through which they flow, to the sea which receives them. It is obvious that the power of any river, however, will depend upon a variety and combination of circumstances; and it is needful to take these into account in estimating

the river's work. For example, the river that has to operate upon soft material will naturally possess a more evident effect on the district through which it runs, than that which flows over a rocky course. And similarly, the river which has a steep and precipitous course, interspersed with waterfalls, must act more powerfully on the land than the winding and slow-flowing river, whose meanderings are in fact due to the lack of force to sweep obstacles away.

On the basis afforded by such considerations, calculations of a river's work may be made with some degree of certainty. Thus it has been estimated that the Mississippi reduces the level of the country through which it flows at the rate of one foot in six thousand years. Supposing that this rate of wear and tear could be made to extend over the whole surface of North America, the average height of which is seven hundred and forty-eight feet, the continent would be reduced to the level of the sea in four and a half millions of years. This latter period, which seems, humanly speaking, of well-nigh inconceivable duration, is, in geological eyes, a mere fraction of the estimated total duration of the earth itself. Various rivers are found to wear the land at a greater rate than others, according to the circumstances detailed above. In the case of the Po of Europe, for example, the wear and tear are nine times as great as in the case of the Danube; and in the Mississippi, the rate is only one-third of that exercised by the seething and tumultuous Rhone. The latter river, according to the best calculations, removes one foot of rock in one thousand five hundred and twenty-eight years; the same work being accomplished by the Ganges in two thousand three hundred and fifty-eight years; by the Po in seven hundred and twenty-nine years; by the Danube in six thousand eight hundred and forty-six years; and by the Nile in four thousand seven hundred and twenty-three years. At the above rate, the Ganges would remove the Asiatic continent in five millions of years; assuming the average height of the continent above sea-level to be two thousand two hundred and sixty-four feet. Similarly, Europe would be worn down by the Po to the water-level in less than a million of years, provided the whole continent were denuded as rapidly as the Po-valley is worn to-day.

Some highly interesting statistics have been given regarding the amount of water and of sediment of all kinds which various rivers bring down to the sea. In the Tay of Scotland, for instance, it is assumed that the area of drainage is two thousand five hundred square miles; the annual discharge of water being one hundred and forty-four billions of cubic feet; and the sediment amounting to nearly fifty millions of cubic feet per year. The Clyde is credited with bringing down nearly nine millions of cubic feet of sediment per annum; whilst the Forth, with a drainage area of four hundred and fifty square miles, is estimated to carry to the sea nearly five and a half millions of cubic feet. Our own British Islands are estimated to possess an average height above the sea of six hundred and fifty feet; and it has been calculated that as things are, our rivers will have worn our territory down to sea-level in about five and a quarter millions of

years. Sir Charles Lyell calculated that the amount of matter brought down by the Ganges in one year would 'raise a surface of two hundred and twenty-eight and a half square miles, or a square space, each side of which should measure fifteen miles, a height of one foot.' Another estimate gives the work of the Ganges as equal to the collection of an amount of matter which would exceed in weight and bulk forty-two of the great Pyramids of Egypt. To transport a mass of solid matter from the higher country of the Ganges to the sea, equal to that brought down by the river in the four months of the wet season, would require a fleet of over eighty ships, each carrying fourteen hundred tons; the whole fleet sailing 'down the river every hour of every day and night for four months continuously.' These calculations, based on data which cannot be questioned, serve to show the rapid rate at which the earth's surface is being worn down by the rivers of the world. And the action loses nothing of its significance when we reflect that the action of the merest brook does not differ in kind from that of the largest river. For brook and river alike run seawards or lakewards; each laden with matter from the land, and each in its own way serving to alter, modify, and reduce the land-surfaces to which it serves as a drain.

The influence of waterfalls, as serving to aid the wearing action of the river through the increased velocity of the water, has already been alluded to. The most notable example of the effects of running-water when associated with cascades, is found in the celebrated Falls of Niagara. These consist, as most readers know, of two cascades, having a small island (Goat Island) intervening, and presenting a total breadth of nine hundred and fifty yards. The height of the Falls is one hundred and forty and one hundred and sixty feet respectively. About six hundred and seventy thousand tons of water are shot over the verge of Niagara every minute. The river itself flows over a comparatively flat table-land, in the course of which Lake Erie forms a well-marked basin. Near the Falls, it rushes over an uneven and rocky bed of limestone, and exhibits a striking difference from its comparatively quiet and even upper course. Now it is a matter of common observation that every waterfall tends to cut its way backwards or towards the source of the river; and an examination of the Niagara Falls shows that the water after leaving the Falls passes through a comparatively narrow limestone gorge, extending to Queenstown, where this limestone overlooks a plain. Sir Charles Lyell calculated that Niagara wears away the limestone cliff over which it falls at the rate of one foot yearly; hence, as Queenstown lies some thirty-five thousand feet down the river, it may be assumed that it has taken that number of years for the Falls to cut their way backwards from their original position at Queenstown to their present site. Evidence is not wanting to show traces of river-action at a height of nearly three hundred feet above the present ravine in which the Niagara flows. Hence Sir Charles Lyell concluded that the river once ran between the present Falls and Queenstown at a height of some three hundred feet above its present level—that is, before the gorge was

excavated, and at a time when the Falls were situated at the latter place.

One of the most remarkable examples of river-action, both as regards the extent of the water's work and its uniformity, is found in the Rio Colorado of the Western American States. This area has been thoroughly and scientifically explored by the Survey of the United States Government, and the results of the examination testify anew to the power of running-water as an agent in modifying the earth's crust. In part of its course the Rio Colorado runs through rocky ravines of immense extent named 'cañons.' The Grand Cañon of the Colorado is in itself a magnificent spectacle. It is a chasm two hundred and seventeen miles in length, and with an average depth of one mile, or five thousand two hundred feet. This cañon cut through rocks, is only one amongst many through which the river finds its way, and at the bottom of which it appears to the observer above as a mere silver streak. What, let us ask, would have been the opinion of the geologists of former years, had the query been put to them concerning the means whereby these great gorges have been excavated? The answer would have borne that the river merely occupied the gorges which had been formed for it by some eruptive force. But an examination of the cañons shows this opinion to be untenable in the face of facts. Everywhere there are to be seen traces of the river-action on the sides of the cañons; at all points, the geologist is met by evidences of the plain fact that the river has actually eroded and worn out the gorges it has come to occupy.

Are there any circumstances in connection with the Rio Colorado River, it might be asked, which serve to explain the powerful nature of its action on the rocks? The answer to this question is of the most interesting kind, since it serves to illustrate a new circumstance in river-action, and one which renders it highly powerful in its effects on the earth's surface. The Colorado is undoubtedly a fierce torrent. Within the cañons it has a fall or slope of between seven and eight feet per mile, which is twenty times as great as that of the Ohio and Mississippi. But running-water alone will hardly accomplish a work of such magnitude as the Colorado has evidently been able to effect. Hence, when the geologist surveys the Colorado more closely, he notes that its work and power are largely due to the quantity of sand and like debris it carries down, and which borne along with its currents, serve like a natural saw or file, to wear and eat out the rocks over which it runs. The immense power of sand borne by running-water, as an agent in eroding rocks, is thus clearly demonstrated. But the sand must be present in proper quantity, that its work may be thoroughly accomplished. There must neither be too much nor too little sand in the river, if its work is to be thoroughly performed. Too much sand will block up its currents and impede its work, will lie in its bed, and will thus protect the rocks, instead of contributing to their wear. Too little sand will be swept onwards and leave no impression on the river-course. Hence, it is when the river, as is the case with the Colorado, possesses just that modicum of sand which it can keep moving with dire effect to the rocks, that the wear and tear proceed most quickly, and

that the work of water is seen at its best. Curiously enough, a tributary of the Colorado illustrates the case of a river which cannot erode its course because of the great amount of sand which it carries. This is the river Platte, which has a fall equal to that of the Colorado, but which is overloaded with sand. Hence its action on its course is feeble as compared with that of the Colorado, and its work can never, as things are, compare with that of its neighbour-stream, which has silently but effectually hewn out the land into the great gorges, which are amongst the most wonderful of Nature's gigantic works.

It is evident that rivers, entering lakes and seas, will deposit therein the debris and waste derived from the land. As has already been shown, this waste matter will be deposited as sediment, to form the rocks of the future; but when it is placed in lakes or in shallow waters anywhere, its effects are seen in the 'silting' or filling-up of lakes, and in the formation by rivers of tongues of land, which may jut out to sea for long distances. We know, for example, that the Rhone has formed new land in the Lake of Geneva, at the river-estuary, by the deposition of solid matter in the lake. An old town, called Port Vallais, which about eight hundred years ago was situated close by the borders of the lake, is now placed a mile and a half inland, through the river-deposits having come to intervene between it and the lake. So also the Italian Adria, which in the time of Augustus was a seaport—giving, in fact, the name to the Adriatic Sea—'is now,' says Lyell, 'about twenty Italian miles inland. Ravenna was also a seaport, and is now about four miles from the main sea.' But by far the most interesting case of the formation of river-land is that of the Mississippi. If we look at a map of North America, we shall be able to see the 'delta' of the Mississippi stretching seawards into the Gulf of Mexico, as a long tongue of land through which flows the river, and which allows the river to pass to the sea by three chief mouths. The South-west Pass is the broadest and deepest mouth; Pass à l'outré points eastwards; and in the middle is the South Pass. This river brings down debris in a year sufficient to build a mass one mile square, and two hundred and sixty-eight feet thick. Each 'pass' has a 'bar' at its mouth, and the obstruction to traffic which once existed may be conceived, when it is mentioned that in 1859 fifty-five vessels were blocked at the South-west Pass, the freight of those bound outwards being seven million three hundred and sixty-seven thousand three hundred and thirty-nine pounds; whilst several had been waiting for weeks in the hope of getting to sea. It was little to be wondered at that the commerce of New Orleans was found to be seriously impeded by the state of matters at the mouth of the Mississippi. The advance of the tongue of land it may be mentioned takes place at the rate of about a hundred feet per annum at the South Pass; whereas at the South-west Pass, which latter is the chief entrance to the river, the river-sediment gains at the rate of three hundred feet yearly.

The problem how to keep one or more of the 'passes' open for traffic, so as to allow vessels to enter or leave the river at all states of the tide, has been solved by the ingenuity and enterprise of an American citizen, Captain James B. Eads,

whose name deserves to be handed down to posterity as a true benefactor of his own and other lands. Seizing upon the idea that the river keeps its own course clear so long as the rush of water, confined between banks, is great, Captain Eads resolved to simply extend the banks of the South Pass, so as to secure the requisite flow and force of water. After much opposition, Eads at length obtained government consent and permission in 1875 to carry out his scheme. He thereupon constructed a series of 'jetties' or extensions of the river-banks of the South Pass, by means of willow-frames, which were duly sunk in the river, and which the river itself filled and coated with sediment, thus rendering the whole structure solid. The work was completed on July 9, 1879, with the result that a new channel thirty feet deep, seven hundred feet wide at its surface, and two hundred feet wide at bottom, had been constructed. This channel is kept clear by the 'scour' of the river itself; the Mississippi has thus been rendered navigable at all states of the tide, and a great commercial success has been attained through a persevering study of the conditions wherewith Nature secures her own ends in the matter of river-action.

The study of rivers is thus seen to be fraught with instruction and interest, not only for the general reader, but for the student of the earth's structure and history. Many an interesting chapter in the world's history can be written by aid of the geological information supplied by the river and its work; and there can be no better introduction to geological science itself than a study of river-action, as a preliminary to the understanding of some of the changes which this world of ours is ever undergoing.

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

CHAPTER XXXV.—COMES OVER HERE TO SEE CON, AND FINDS HIMSELF TOO LATE.

CONSTANCE did not appear at the breakfast-table next morning; and Miss Lucretia, in answer to inquiries, shook her curls with a world of young-lady-like emphasis at Gerard, and declared that the poor darling was quite worn out by excitement, had passed a broken night, and was now happily asleep. Gerard was sheepishly discomfited by this intelligence, since he, in Miss Lucretia's eyes, was the evident source of mischief. The old lady sat but a little time at breakfast, and withdrew to keep watch and ward over the sleeper. To her surprise, the young lady was seated in her peignoir at a table, writing. She huddled away the paper guiltily on her aunt's entrance, and locked it in a writing-desk.

'You silly child,' said Aunt Lucretia with mild severity, 'you will spoil him if you write to him every half-hour when you cannot see him. Go to bed. You are quite flushed. You have had a bad night, and you must sleep. I shall bring my work here, and sit beside you until you do it. And I shall keep guard over you until you are fit to get up again.'

The lovely defaulter made no answer to this

rebuke, but crept into bed submissively, and after a time, feigned sleep. She was glad that her aunt suspected nothing. The note had not been intended for the accepted lover, but for Val Strange. To be compelled to stillness, to lie unbound, yet fettered by the eye of affectionate watchfulness, whilst the storm of feeling heaves the soul, and the soul strives to stir the body as the wind heaves the sea, to suffer the torments of anxiety, of remorse, of despised or unfruitful love, and yet to feign sleep and make no sign, is an agony added to an agony.

Miss Lucretia stuck to her post gallantly, and embroidered and watched with much combined industry and vigilance. She was of course without an idea of the restraint her presence inflicted, and in her kindly heart regarded herself as an unmixed blessing. Val in the meantime was settling down into the waters of despondency; but before absolutely surrendering himself for lost, he determined to make one more essay. So he wrote again; and this time, fearing and almost hoping that the last note might have miscarried, he gave the bearer definite instructions.

'You are sure you know Miss Jolly's maid, Richards?'

'Yes, sir,' said Richards. He was a romantic middle-aged person, a little given to drink in lonely hours, and much addicted to the perusal of imaginative literature of a certain type. He had been known to weep above his whisky-and-water and the woes of Lady Ella, in that tender romance 'Her Golden Hair,' in the *Boudoir Journal*; and he was beginning in his ridiculous old head to make romances for his employer, and was interested in the intrigue. 'I seen the young person once before at Miss Jolly's in town—the helder Miss Jolly, sir.'

'Very well,' returned his master. 'Take that note, and give it to the maid. Ask her to give it to Miss Jolly when she is alone—not the elder Miss Jolly, mind.'

'Certainly not, sir,' said the observant Richards. Val, who found the clandestine business oppressive, could almost have kicked the body-servant for his ready appreciation of the condition of affairs. Don Giovanni seems to have had no compunctions about taking Leporello into consultation; and all Vanbrugh's dashing young gentlemen are at home in the confidence of their valets; but Val was a gentleman of nicer notions, and found no pleasure in imparting the secrets of his soul to Mr Richards. He glared angrily, therefore, at that sympathetic menial, and briefly bidding him do as he was told, turned his back upon him. It is an old-world story that when the master marries the mistress, the man weds the maid, and Mr Richards had lived until his time had come. Miss Lucretia's maid, now devoted chiefly to Constance's service, was a bright little brunette, with a pretty figure and a neat foot, a peachy cheek and sparkling eyes; and she wore that modest and becoming dress of female servitude which ladies might copy with advantage to their looks. If the thick-set hazel were dying from Richards's topmost head, and the hateful crow had already trodden the corners of his eyes, he had still a heart, and he was still a bachelor. He had saved a little money. He knew of a public-house, a really respectable concern, in

which, as landlord, it might be pleasant to settle down to the *otium cum dignitate*. The respectable concern would want a landlady to brighten it; and why—cried Richards's heart aloud within him—should this charming little creature not be rescued from the restraints of a servant's life? So Richards, bent on his master's prosperity, did also a little love-making on his own account. In short, like a good servant, he identified himself with his master's cause. But inexorable Fate makes no allowance for good intentions if you steer your barque on the rocks, and the valet's shipwreck involved the master's. Of all delusive coquettes, Fortune is the most delusive and the most coquettish, and she must needs at once throw little Selina in the way of romantic Richards. Now, it stood to reason that if Richards at once intrusted his master's note to the maiden's care, he would have less chance of prosecuting his own suit than if he delayed the delivery a little while.

'Good-morning, miss,' said Richards.

'Good-morning,' replied Selina; and since Richards occupied the greater part of the way, she stood still. Richards, like other people, began to find the art of conversation more difficult than he had fancied it. But it seemed altogether safe and politic to say that it was beautiful weather for the time of year. Selina agreed to that proposition amiably enough, but evinced a discouraging desire to get by and go about her business.

'You haven't been long in Paris, have you?' asked the middle-aged valet.

'Longer than you have, if it's the school of politeness they say it is,' answered the maid. 'You needn't take up the 'ole of the corridor.'

'I shouldn't ha' stopped you, my dear,' pleaded Mr Richards, 'only I'd got somethink important to say.'

'Well, say it then,' responded the damsel pertly. 'My dear, indeed!'

In oratory, the best of all rules is to have something important to say, and to say it. But Richards was not an orator, and the appeal took him somewhat at a disadvantage. 'Very good orators, when they are out, will spit,' said Rosalind; 'but for lovers, lacking matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.' Mr Richards had never studied Shakspeare; but he followed his recipe, or strove to follow it. But as, with the slow grace of middle age, he essayed to circle the jump and taper form before him—with insinuating air, bent downwards, and had almost won his purpose, swift and sudden, the damsel slapped his face, first on one side and then on the other, and bounding past him, rapidly traversed the corridor and disappeared. The discomfited Richards prowled about in vain for a second sight of the scornful beauty. Little Selina might have resented his advances in any case; but it is within the narrator's knowledge that a gentleman out of livery, who resided, when his master was in town, in Chesterfield Street, had saved a little money, and knew a public-house, and was of opinion that Selina would make a capital landlady. The Chesterfield Street gentleman had breathed his moving story in the maiden's ear. Selina was 'engaged.'

So Val's second note miscarried; and Richards, being interrogated, made false declaration con-

cerning it, and said it was delivered; hoping, like others who have failed, to make failure good before he could be detected. All that day, the wretched valet pervaded the corridor, with the note lying on his conscience like a weight, and once meeting Selina, implored her to stay but for a moment. But she, with head in air, went by; and he, like the parent in Mr Campbell's poem, 'was left lamenting.' Then the miserable man, being a person of no resources, burned Val's letter, and wrote by that evening's post in application for a vacant 'place,' and so prepared to escape the day of reckoning. He was the readier to do this that he was a bad sailor, and had been compelled to live at sea so much of late, that the possession of a stomach had become a burden to him.

No response to Val's second appeal. She scorned him, then? Had he not deserved to be scorned? She had told him that she did not care for him; and he, in his vanity, had believed, in spite of her protestations, that she loved him. Well—he was rightly served. So the cold fit followed the hot, and in due time again the hot fit followed the cold. He had been so desirous of escaping Gerard hitherto, that he had remained almost a prisoner; but now, growing reckless, he wandered uneasily about the building, and suddenly encountered Reginald. He professed great preoccupation of manner, hoping to go by unnoticed; but being hailed, he turned, and with well-acted surprise, cried: 'Hillo! What brings you in Paris?'

'Oh, we're all here,' returned Reginald, linking his arm in Val's. 'I heard from Lummy that you had come back again. What an extraordinary chance by which you found those papers, wasn't it?'

'Yes, it was curious,' said Val, striving after a casual air—'very curious.—And so you're all here, are you? How's the governor?'

'Oh, as usual,' said the little man, with unfilial carelessness.

'And your sister?'

'Pretty well,' was the answer. Reginald made no account of female headaches.

'You spoke of Gerard just now,' said Val. 'Is he here?'

'Of course,' the little man responded—'of course. Directly you gave him the papers, he came racing over here. When that fellow Garling bolted and the smash came, the first thing Gerard did was to go to Constance and tell her about it, leaving her to cry-off. She has been a good deal cut up, and of course they've made it up again.—Seen Chaumont in *Toto-ches-Tata*?—No? It's the best thing here.' Reginald, like the rest, had been misled by his sister. He had indeed had some clue to the maze in which she walked, but he had lost it. Her second acceptance of Gerard was unforced and spontaneous, and he supposed she was pleasing herself, and that Valentine Strange had been vain enough to deceive himself. But though he could not understand his sister, the little man was keen enough to make out his companion's condition. 'Will you come to see Chaumont to-night?' he asked.

'No,' said Val hurriedly; 'I am engaged. I must be off at once. How long do you stay here?'

'We leave to-morrow morning,' said Reginald.

'We should have gone back to-day, but for Gerard's coming.'

'Remember me to all of them,' said Val lightly. 'I must be off. Good-bye, old man. I shall see you in town shortly, I daresay.' He shook hands with nervous haste, and ran rapidly downstairs. The little man, drumming with his fingers on the top of his hat, looked after him thoughtfully.

'Didn't want to see me,' he mused. 'Walking languidly and apparently without a purpose, when I met him, and in a dreadful hurry now. M-m-m. Hasn't got over it yet. Comes over here to see Con, and finds himself too late. I'm very sorry for him, poor beggar; but if ever I am taken like that, if ever I fall in love, I'll try to hide the symptoms; and if the young woman doesn't want me, I'll try my hardest not to want the young woman.'

Val's persistence in a cause so evidently lost seemed a little disgraceful and unmanly, and even to Val himself it wore that complexion at times. The matter appeared to be growing hopeless enough now, and it seemed that Constance had resolved to hold no communication with him. If she were so resolved, Val was not yet so far gone that he could not see his way to the final cure of love. It was his belief that she had cared for him, which had so dangerously drawn him on all along; and he felt now that if he could but convince himself that he had been mistaken, he could go away and take his punishment like a man. But if he could, he would have a last glimpse of her before going for ever into the desert. So he went to see *Toto-chèz-Tata*, and sitting in a dusky corner of the house, he watched for Constance. Had he looked to the stage and listened, he might have found a reason for her absence; but anyhow she did not come, and the fascinating Chaumont tripped and smiled and warbled, and Val heard nothing and saw nothing but misery and stupidity. Paris laughed and applauded. Val for once thought the Parisian judgment nothing worth. Reginald was there alone, with no eyes for anything but the stage, and Strange got away unnoticed. He saw Mr Jolly and his party leave the hotel next morning, and, himself unseen, watched Gerard and Constance as they drove away. In the evening, he disconsolately followed, and arriving in London, learned that they had all gone down to the Grange. Well, he would go to Brierham, and there might meet with her. Let him only learn that she was happy, and he would be content. The unsophisticated credulity of the human conscience is a thing to wonder at. All life long a man may lie to it, and it will believe him in spite of countless detections. Val's new fraud was harmless and natural enough. So much may be admitted.

In the course of their journey to London, Gerard and Reginald had a talk which resulted in a movement important to this story.

'Do you remember the first night we met?' asked Gerard.

'Yes,' said Reginald. 'It was at Val Strange's.' He half sighed 'Poor Val' under his breath; but Gerard, who had ears like a fox, overheard the exclamation.

'Why poor Val?' asked unsuspecting Gerard. 'What's the matter with him?'

'That's his secret,' said the little man—'not

mine. I don't think he's happy.—I didn't mean to interrupt you. What about the first time we met?'

'Do you remember a visitor that evening?'

'No.—Ah, yes. The Yankee fellow, who threw back Val's money, because Val supposed that he might have peeped into your letter.'

'That's the man,' said Gerard. 'Do you know, I shrewdly suspect that Yankee to be one of the finest fellows alive?' And Gerard, with much enthusiasm and some humour, told the story of Hiram's clandestine benefactions. With the honest fervour natural to youth, Reginald declared that Hiram was a brick, and protested loudly that something should be done to reward gratitude.

'I don't think it's a common virtue,' said Reginald; 'and where you find it, I think the soil is likely to be generally good.' And indeed there are few of the virtues which are less inclined to be solitary. The two agreed to take advantage of their passage through London to call upon Hiram. They had but a few hours to spare; but not being hindered by other business, they drove Strandwards, and alighted at the restaurant. When they entered, Hiram was deftly distributing a pile of plates before a tableful of hungry guests. He recognised Gerard at once, and bowed to him with the waiter's gesture of welcome, and having disposed of the hungry tableful, hurried to the new arrivals.

'Good-day, sir,' he said to Gerard.—'Good-day to you also, mister. I had the pleasure of seein' you, sir, I remember, when Mr Lumby sent me on a message to Valentine Strange, Esquire. You was in the billiard-room in that gentleman's mansion.—What shall I have the pleasure of bringin' you, gentlemen?' They had not eaten a meal since leaving Paris, ten hours before, and they were each ready for a beefsteak. Hiram bustled about and brought up the steaks in prime order, tender and juicy, flanked by floury potatoes, crisp little loaves, and the foaming tankard.

'And now,' said Gerard, 'when you can spare a moment, I want to speak to you.' In a little while, Hiram found a lull in the demand for edibles and potables, and presented himself before the friends. 'What sort of a berth have you here?'

'Wall, sir,' returned Hiram, with the tone of a man who declines to commit himself, 'it's the bridge that's kerryin' me over a strip of time's tide, and I haven't got anything to say agen it.'

'Nor much for it, eh?' said Reginald.

'Yes, sir,' returned Hiram; 'lots for it. But it ain't the sort of theme to stimulate eloquence, and that's a fact. It's greasier than I like, for one thing.'

'Would you care to change it?' asked Gerard.

'Well, mister,' responded the cautious Hiram, 'that depends. I don't want to leap out o' the fryin'-pan into the streets.'

'Would you like to take service?'

'And go about in a pea-green vest and have my head floured?' inquired Hiram with decision.

'No, sir; I should not.' He looked a little offended at the suggestion.

'No; thank you,' said Gerard; 'I don't want a flunkey. If I offer you a post, I shall not ask you to have your head floured. But I want a smart faithful man, whom I can trust; a handy

fellow, who has no objection to travel, and who won't object to do what he's asked to do.'

'Well, sir,' returned Hiram, 'if you're shootin' my way, it's a bull's-eye. I'm all that. But what should I be asked to do?'

'I want a man to attend me personally, to travel with me when I travel, and to act generally as a sort of combination of valet and confidential man. I shall offer you a liberal salary; and if you treat me well, I shall treat you well.'

'Very good,' said Hiram. 'I'm engaged. But if you don't mind, I'll make a stipulation—two stipulations. Number one: If I don't like the berth when I've tried it, I'm not to be regarded as ongrateful if I throw it up.'

'Certainly not,' interjected Gerard.

'And number two,' continued Hiram: 'That my own private proceedin's air not curtailed, so long as they don't interfere with my duties.'

'What private proceedings?' inquired Gerard, with some misgiving.

'Wall,' said Hiram slowly, looking from one to the other and stooping to fold a napkin on the table, 'the Apostle Paul says matrimony's honourable. As soon as ever I can manage it—I've got a little gell to take care of, and I'm going to take that way with her. And if you give me a berth that lets me marry, I shall do it.'

'Oh!' said Reginald, seeing Gerard a little dashed by this intimation. 'And who's the lady?'

Hiram straightened himself and looked at the little man keenly, inasmuch that Reginald felt embarrassed, and took refuge behind his eyeglass. 'Yes,' said Hiram, as if in answer to an inward inquiry, 'I'll answer that question.—The lady is the daughter of a bitter enemy of your family's, Mr Lumby. Her father is— Well, mister, the long and short of it is, her father's about the biggest thief unhung. His name's Garling.'—At this the two friends glared at him and at each other.—'That is so, gentlemen,' said Hiram with great gravity. 'I know something about it, and part of it I guess. Mr Garling married under a false name, and deserted his wife and daughter, when my little gell was a baby.' And in answer to Gerard's amazed inquiries, he told briefly all he knew of Garling, detailing with the rest the scene in the offices of the great firm.

'I think it possible that I may owe you something,' said Gerard enigmatically, when Hiram's narration was closed. The date of Hiram's interview with Garling was that of the elder Lumby's last visit to town. Gerard more than half-guessed the truth. 'I must leave you to arrange your own domestic affairs,' he said after a pause. 'I shall not interfere with them. And now—as a matter of form—though I could scarcely forego it, I must ask to see your employer, and make some inquiries about you.'

'That's only fair to me,' said Hiram drily; and retiring, sent up the master of the restaurant. Gerard made his inquiries.

'Well, gentlemen,' said the restaurateur, 'I should be very unwilling to give him a recommendation.'

'May I ask why?' demanded Gerard.

'Because,' returned Hiram's employer, with

a twinkle of his beady foreign eyes, 'he is the best servant I ever had, and I should be sorry to lose him.'

The two friends laughed at this; and the restaurateur, pleased at the success of his little jest, laughed also.

'He is honest?' said Gerard.

'As I have found him,' said his employer, 'as the day.'

'Sober?'

'Remarkably. He is good fellow,' declared the restaurateur, returning to his joke; 'and I am sorry to say it, if it is to lose me my Hiram Search.'

'You don't object to his bettering his position?' asked Gerard.

'No, sir,' the foreigner answered heartily. 'He is good fellow. He will get on.'

On the strength of this, Hiram was recalled, preliminaries were completed; and the waiter formally gave his employer a week's notice. It was agreed that he should present himself at Lumby Hall in complete readiness to enter upon his duties.

'You will have a good servant, sir,' said the little foreigner.

'And I shall have a good master,' said Hiram.

'I thought you had no masters,' said Gerard, 'you Americans?'

'If you call beef mutton, it don't alter the flavour much,' responded Hiram; 'and when I'm in a country, I reckon to try to speak the language.'

'Oh,' said Gerard, 'and how many languages do you speak?'

'I shan't take the cheer for languages at nary one of your universities yet awhile,' returned Hiram; 'but I've spent five years in the Lee-vant, and I've picked up a bit o' five or six—French, Italian, Spanish, Greek, German, and a smatterin' of Turkish. I can talk any one of 'em fit to be smiled at; but I can't read one, wuss luck.'

'Gerard,' said Reginald when the two were outside, 'it's my opinion that Mr Search is a jewel.'

'I think so too,' said Gerard; 'but we shall see.'

The week sped by rapidly; and Hiram at the appointed hour appeared at Lumby Hall. In less than a week after the date of his appearance, the cook and the upper-housemaid, who were both comely young women, and had hitherto been close companions, quarrelled over him. 'Ladies,' said Hiram, having observed this, and desiring to live at peace, 'I feel myself kind of shaking down in this charmin' society of yourn. After a rovin' life, how sweet is do-mestic felicity! The view of the feminine character which you have afforded me sence I first entered the present abode of bliss, has sort of crystallised the notions of matrimony which up to that time were floatin' in my soul. I'll ask you to excuse the poetry; but that's the fact. And in consequence of the impression prodooced upon my mind by you two charmin' angels, I am goin' to get married.'

'Indeed, Mr Search,' said the upper-housemaid. She was a courageous woman, and bore the blow steadily. The cook was *hors de combat*. 'May we hask,' said the upper-housemaid, 'who is the 'appy bride?'

'The happy bride, as you air so flatterin' as to

call her,' returned Hiram, 'will next week assume a position in the household of Mr Jolly.'

This was true. Hiram had already interested Gerard in his sweetheart's fortunes, and little Mary was elected as Constance's maid.

DR SALVIATTI'S GLASS-WORKS.

THE last of the grand palaces having been built, and the Republic of Venice having touched the zenith of her glory and greatness, she thenceforth began to decline. The arts and art-industries for which she had hitherto been famous, shared her fall, and gradually sank into decay; while the old masters of Venetian mosaic, whose works survive to this day, finding that the world had no longer any work for them, died out and became extinct. Nor was this all; for their secrets died with them, and the art of mixing and colouring glass after the manner of the old masters was entirely lost to their posterity.

The glass-blowers of the neighbouring island of Murano did not fare much better than those of Venice; for their once extensive workshops dwindled down into a few poor huts, and that which had once ranked as an art, sank down into a common handicraft, dragging out a miserable existence; while the glass-makers of England and Bohemia easily drove them from the market even in their own land.

It was when things were at this very low ebb, that Dr Salviati, a native of Vicenza, who had studied the law in Padua, and had had a good practice in Venice for twenty years, chanced one day to come across 'George Sand's' novel, *Les Maîtres Mosaïstes*, in which she describes the brilliant period of the Venetian picture-mosaics.

It is well known that the five domes of St Mark's were once adorned inside with glorious pictures in glass-mosaic on a gold ground. The pictures themselves were well-nigh indestructible; but, most unfortunately, the building which contained them rested on a very unstable foundation; the vaulted domes were the first to sink, and parts of the mosaic cracked and fell out. There had already been some talk of repairing these pictures; but no one was bold enough to make the attempt; and in 1859 fresh lamentations were raised over the continued decay of such valuable works of art. It was just at this time that Dr Salviati's interest had been awakened in the subject; and being firmly convinced that the art-genius is hereditary, he first looked through the 'golden books' of the old Republic, in which the names of the best masters were formerly entered, and then made inquiries in Venice and Murano, where at length he had the pleasure of discovering certain descendants of the two famous families of Radi and Bonvicio, who were still connected with glass-making. They were induced to join Dr Salviati; and a series of experiments was instituted with the object of re-discovering the old lost secret of colouring and mixing; the result being that one is now simply amazed at

the number of tints in use. The seven colours of the rainbow are now subdivided into twenty-two thousand shades, of which two hundred are flesh-tints alone. The lawyer spared no pains to accomplish his purpose; and in one way a layman has an advantage over others, for he is not fettered by traditions, and is ready without prejudice to take up what is new and original, as the history of discoveries very generally shows.

The gold paste which almost always formed the background of the old mosaics, was said by technical workmen to be especially difficult to imitate; but the Doctor solved the enigma in a very simple manner by placing a very thin plate of gold on a sheet of glass, covering it with a thinner sheet of the same, and then fusing the three together. This process has not been found to answer with silver, and the silver paste, so far as we are aware, has yet to be discovered. A few years after the work had been taken in hand, the Academy of Fine Arts in Venice announced that Dr Salviati's colours equalled and in some instances even surpassed those of the ancients, while he had doubled the number of tints. The raw material was therefore now ready; but unexpected difficulties arose as to the method of using it. The old masters worked from cartoons, which they copied bit by bit, putting each cube of glass at once into its place in the wall; but they were not mere servile copyists; quite the contrary; they were real artists, the only difference being that they painted with glass instead of with the brush. Men such as these with their skill and experience, as well as their ability, were not to be conjured up out of the ground even in Italy, where art is said to be indigenous; but necessity is ever the mother of invention, and Dr Salviati contrived a method of producing the mosaic pictures, which has an immense advantage over the old one, and insures the most faithful reproduction of the original design, as the work does not need to be done on the spot or on an unsteady scaffolding, as was previously the case; and it is no longer necessary for the copyist to be an almost greater artist than he who makes the design. As only technical skill is required, the work can be done at a much cheaper rate, and may be more extensively employed.

The modern mosaic-worker lays his cartoon or working-drawing on a table, face upwards. By means of a sharp hammer and anvil, he divides his pancakes of coloured glass into small dice, measuring a centimètre—a little over one-third of an inch—each way, and then places them on the picture, matching each tint and shade with the utmost exactness. When the design is entirely covered, he pours over it a fine cement, which penetrates every crack, and unites the whole into one solid mass. It is then placed in a shallow zinc tray; the design is washed off, and the picture appears, a true copy of the original, but with greater warmth of colour. The effect is so life-like and artistic, as Herr Gampe says, and the

work is of such a lasting nature, that its value was soon generally recognised. Scarcely twenty years have passed since the revival of the art, and already specimens of Salviati's glass mosaics are to be seen throughout the civilised world; for example, in the new Opera-house in Paris; Parliament Buildings, Washington; Kensington Museum; Windsor Chapel; the Cathedrals of Aix-la-Chapelle and Torcello; the Rotunda of the Vienna Universal Exhibition, &c.; to say nothing of the private mansions and palaces which may be seen thus adorned throughout Europe, in Cairo and Alexandria, and even in the giant cities of the West.

The astonishing success which had attended his efforts, induced Salviati in 1862 to consider the possibility of reviving the glass-manufacture of Murano, which had fallen into a state of such dismal decay; and to this end he ransacked old churches, castles, and museums, to find some of the ancient Venetian models; his idea being that the first thing necessary was to accustom the eye of the glass-blower once more to beauty of form, and that then his artistic skill and feeling would revive spontaneously. It was quite certain that glass itself had not altered during the lapse of centuries, and was just as ductile, just as plastic in its red-hot state, as ever it had been in the days of the Doges. And here let it be noted that glass-making in Venice is a very different thing from glass-making in England and Bohemia. Glass-cutting, which is so extensively practised in both these countries, is quite unknown in Murano, as are also painting and gilding. The Venetian glass-blower models his article entirely while the glass is in a state of fusion, and has nothing more to do with it when it has cooled. He never puts the colour on afterwards, but mixes it in the liquid paste; and he has to complete the most elaborate articles in a few minutes—every second being valuable, as the glass would become brittle if allowed to cool rapidly, and if kept too long out of the annealing oven. It is therefore essential that the eye and hand of the workman be trained to the utmost precision; for though he may find no great difficulty in making a dozen wine-glasses of exactly the same height and size, with nothing but his eye to guide him, it requires a very high degree of skill as well as artistic feeling to enable him to bring out all the delicate lines and curves equally, considering the rapidity with which he is obliged to work.

The Bohemians and the English, again, make their crystal glass of very decided colours, such as the Venetian glass could not stand, its paper-like delicacy and elegance requiring much more aerial tints, if form and colour are to be harmonised as they should be. Every furnace in Murano is accordingly surrounded by a regular laboratory, where the æsthetics of colour are carried to such a wonderful degree of perfection, that a visit to Dr Salviati's extensive premises in the Palazzo Swift sends one home amazed at the beauty and variety of the flower-like tints employed. All is brilliant, but nothing is glaring, and even the ruby-glass, which owes its peculiar brilliancy to an admixture of gold, shimmers with subdued radiance. Endless experiments have been necessary before certain shades of colour could be obtained, and there has been considerable diffi-

culty in reproducing among others the opal glass of the old Venetians, which has no value at all unless it has a tinge or rather *suspicion* of red playing through it. The play of light, which is often surprisingly beautiful, depends in great measure upon the thickness of the glass, which requires the most careful regulation.

With regard to form, it must be admitted that Salviati sometimes overshoots his mark; there is a certain hyper-delicacy about some of his drinking-glasses, which look not merely fragile but weak, and one feels uncomfortable in the presence of such super-sensitive articles. Some of the showy glass chandeliers, too, are as much overloaded with leaves, flowers, and ornamentation as a German inn on a fête-day.

Another highly decorated article, which must disturb the peace of mind of its owner, is the Venetian mirror, which is actually made in Belgium, and only sent to Murano to be adorned with its wreath of flowers. It is impossible to help thinking of the unfortunate housemaid whose duty it will be to keep it clean, and one foresees that some fine day her duster will catch in the prickly leaves and blossoms, and then down the whole thing will go with a crash.

It is hardly possible to describe the process of modelling, any more than that of painting and carving. The visitor sees a workman dip his blowpipe into the molten glass, and take thence a shapeless lump, which a few dexterous touches and a little breath convert into an exquisite little sea-horse, a vase, or a filigree glass, which looks exactly as if it had been woven; but how all this is done he cannot say, for it looks like the result of magic. Larger articles require re-heating, and this has to be done with extreme caution, lest their shape should be spoilt.

We may mention by the way, that most of the precious and semi-precious stones are imitated at Murano, and are bought by the Arab merchants, who sell them to the negroes. A handful of common glass mixed with certain earths and colours will produce what are to all appearance splendid specimens of agate and malachite.

But to return to Dr Salviati. The most difficult part of his enterprise has been, not the re-discovery of the secrets of the old masters, but the prosaic business matters inevitably connected with the establishment of his young art-industry. There is nothing of the tradesman about him; if there had been, if he had begun by calculating his chances of success from a commercial point of view, he would probably soon have given up the whole thing. Instead of calculating, however, he experimented, and so it happened that in 1866, he found that the whole of his very respectable fortune had been turned into glass. Thereupon, John Bull came to the rescue, and an English Company was formed, with Dr Salviati as its technical director; but though no doubt this was a great blessing for poor helpless Murano, it was hardly likely that the inventor would look on with equanimity while the large profits won by his own talents and great personal sacrifices flowed steadily into England. After a while, therefore, he resigned his post, and in 1877 founded a business of his own, and opened depôts in all the chief capitals of Europe. A number of his old workmen gladly returned to him, while others set up

for themselves; and now Murano is once again the busy place it was in the olden days, while Dr Salvati has been loaded with orders, medals, and diplomas.

THE CLIFFORD DIAMONDS.

CHAPTER I.—WHAT WE THOUGHT OF THEM.

WE were a family of quite middle-class people, not in the rank of the Cliffords at all; and yet our dear father and our uncles were Sir Arthur Clifford's most intimate friends. That was how we came to know anything about the diamonds. We lived close to Grange, the grand old home of the Cliffords. It was a superb old North-west of England house, set in magnificent woods, overlooking the Irish Channel. Thorp Uplands, our home, was just a rambling place, which had grown with the growth of our family, from the squat farmhouse where our grandfather, Hugh Thorp, lived in his comfortable yeomanly style, to its present condition, when it might be termed a 'commodious residence;' not the least pretentious, but oh! so snug, with its long passages and unexpected staircases, and windows stuck in anyhow.

Besides our father and mother, there were six of us. Tom, our eldest brother, was in Uncle Thomas's cotton mill, which was situated quite near our farm; Paul, who was next to him, was in the navy, a messmate of Jack Clifford, Sir Arthur's second son; and our youngest boy Joe was in Uncle Hugh's warehouse at Liverpool. As Tom lived with his uncle at the factory, we girls ruled the roast at Thorp Uplands. There were Ruth and Naomi, the twins; and Olive, my humble self. Every day one or other of us went across the park to sit with Lady Clifford and read to her for an hour or so; then, if the day were fine, we would take her out for a walk round the quaint old garden, or drive her about the lovely park; for Lady Clifford had no daughters of her own, and was blind.

That was not the only trial which weighed heavily upon the great family of Clifford of Grange. There was a sadness, a blight upon them, which shadowed and oppressed them all; for they were poor, miserably poor for people of their condition. I have heard my uncle say that when all claims on the great estates were paid off, Sir Arthur Clifford had scarcely four hundred pounds a year to live upon. Young Arthur Clifford, the heir, was in the Guards, and Jack, as already mentioned, in the navy. Only that Lady Clifford had been an heiress, the sons must have done as our boys did—gone into business. Uncle Thomas said it would have been the wisest thing they could have done. Perhaps he was right; but then Sir Arthur and my Lady were old-fashioned folks, proud as Lucifer, and very tenacious of old ideas. I think the sight of her son with a pen behind his ear, perched on an office stool, would have driven Lady Clifford mad.

We were just yeoman folks a hundred years ago, we Thorps; but our grandfather was a clever, far-seeing man. He cast his eyes upon the rapid brook which summer and winter went babbling down the glen at the back of 'Thorp's Farm,' as the house was then called. An artist

might have thought of the beauty of the rushing stream; a poet might have jingled words to match its rhythm; but the practical Yorkshireman saw in it so much power running to waste; and after much bargaining, he obtained the use of it from the Sir Jasper Clifford of his time, a youth who was spending his income after the reckless fashion of the day, and who was glad to get the big sum Hugh Thorp laid down for the signing of the lease. The money went in a night at Brooks's; but the mill my grandfather built stands to this day.

We own a fair share of the Clifford estate too, and Uncle Tom is one of the chief creditors who have claims on the property. I often feel deeply for the Cliffords, because we seem to have risen upon their downfall. And yet the glamour of the old grandeur clings to the ancient house; to the handsome middle-aged baronet, and his still beautiful wife; to the Hall, with its great shadowy galleries, where generation after generation of painted Cliffords look down from the walls upon the decay of the family. But especially does the magic linger over the ancient chest wherein, fast locked in an iron-bound casket, reposed unseen the Clifford diamonds.

As children, we used to hear about their splendour from our dear mother, who had seen them gleaming in a flaming ring around Lady Clifford's slender throat, springing in an arch of fire above her gentle brow, and burning on her arms and bosom with a blaze like the sun at noonday. Wonderful things, too, were blent with those magnificent jewels in our imaginations: such as the magic gem which lit up a whole chamber by its glow, in one of those tales of wonder and delight, the *Arabian Nights*; Sindbad's Valley of Diamonds, from the same delicious volume; and pictures we had seen of Solomon's Temple; all which were brought to our minds by the mere mention of Lady Clifford's diamonds.

They were historic stones too; for the necklace and coronet had been in pledge to raise money for the king in the sad times of the Civil Wars; and the bracelets were a gift of King Charles II. to a fair Lady Clifford of his time. Then the earrings were made of jewels won by an heroic Clifford upon Indian battlefields in a later generation; while the stomacher was a trophy gained by another son of the house—his share of the plunder of a great galleon in the war with Spain. There were stars and pins and brooches too; and local valuation set down the diamonds as being worth a perfectly fabulous sum; but Uncle Thomas used to say they were not worth quite so much as people thought; and we somehow felt that he understood their value to a farthing. One day, when we were talking of them, he said abruptly: 'I say it is a sin and a shame to keep so much money lying idle in a box. Twenty thousand pounds-worth of senseless stones locked up, never seeing the light of day, while the Cliffords are in such want of money. It is simply madness.'

'Oh, Uncle Thomas, are they worth so much?' I cried. 'I thought they were not so very valuable.'

'Eh?' he said, turning sharply on me; 'you have more sense than I gave you credit for. Now, Ruth and Naomi there are firmly persuaded that those baubles are worth treble what I said.'

The twins lifted their voices in indignant protest. Uncle laughed, and went on: 'Yes; I call it a crime of the Cliffords to keep that large sum lying there while they are in such need.'

'But, uncle,' I said, 'surely things are no worse now than they have been for some time. The Cliffords do not seem to be in greater need of money than usual.'

'Humph!' uncle said, casting a meaning glance at the twins.

I understood him. He meant that there was something to be told which would not bear telling in the ears of 'the children,' as we still persisted in calling our two youngest and prettiest. Taking up his hint, I suggested a game of Spoil Five, an old-fashioned pastime, of which our good, kind-hearted, hard-headed uncle is exceedingly fond.

Uncle Thomas has never been married. He lives in a cosy unpretentious house close to the mills; and brother Tom, as already mentioned, lives with him. Of ourselves, I may say that I am older by three years than the twins, that is to say, I was five-and-twenty past that evening when we sat and played Spoil Five, and the twins were just twenty-two. They were wonderfully pretty girls, and alike in features, although quite different in colour; Ruth's hair being a deep russet brown; and Naomi's flaxen, with just enough of a warm tinge in it to light it up. Both had clear gray eyes; but Ruth's looked darkest, being shaded by very thick and long lashes the colour of her wavy hair. If I could choose between them, I should have called her the prettier of the two. She had more warmth and colour about her, and certainly she had the sweeter disposition; but every one called Naomi the beauty, and sometimes I joined the popular opinion. I myself am not a beauty; I never was. Only just a plump, good-humoured little lass; very brown and healthy-looking, with nothing special about my face save and except the Thorp eyes. We all had rather good eyes, and mine were no worse than the rest of them.

We were a very happy household; but for my own part, all the poetry of life lay at Grange. To go up the long winding avenue, under those beeches, which were planted in the days of the Restoration in place of the more ancient ones hewn down by Cromwell's troopers in the troublous times—to enter the grand old hall, where once the 'Merry Monarch' had banqueted with the young and fair Lady Clifford—to walk on tiptoe through those great rooms, silent and sad, but so wonderfully suggestive in their faded splendour—this formed the greatest pleasure, the fairest romance, of my young life. At home was honest prose; at Grange was an inexhaustible source of poetry and romance. And then dear Lady Clifford was so fond of me! Ruth came next in her affections; Naomi last; not that she was not fond of Naomi too; but then, of the three of us, she was the one who went least often to read and walk with her.

I think the first wave of the great tide of change which swept round us and altered everything, touched us that evening as we laughed and made merry over our old-fashioned game of Spoil Five. Once it was done, uncle kissed the twins, bade them good-night; and then, when they were gone, he turned to mother.

'Frances,' he said, 'can you spare me Olive for a

day or two? That house of mine is in a sad state for want of a woman in it, and she has such a way of bringing things into order.'

Mother smiled. 'Well, I can scarcely spare her,' she said. 'But as she is not going very far, I suppose I must do without her for a little.'

I was much surprised. Uncle never had made such a request before; and even to my unobservant eyes, it was plain that something underlay the trifling reason he gave for requiring my presence.

'When do you want her to go?' mother asked.

'Now—to-night, if possible,' Uncle Thomas said; and when mother demurred at the suddenness of the request, father cried from behind his newspaper: 'Yes, yes; let the child go. Why, it's only a step.' And I knew that there was some good reason why I should so instantly make a change of residence.

My preparations were not extensive. In half an hour, uncle and I were walking slowly along the winding path which led from the Uplands to the mills, a servant having preceded me with my box.

Once well away from the house, uncle stood still, and turned me round so that he could see my face in the silver light, for the moon was almost at the full. 'Olive,' he said huskily, 'I know you are a girl of sense.—Now, don't make any protest, because I have great faith in you. I've brought you down to my house. What for, do you think?'

I said I had no idea.

'Well, then—to entertain an unexpected guest.'

'Uncle?'

'Yes; that unhappy boy, Arthur Clifford.'

Uncle spoke in a tone of deep vexation.

'Arthur Clifford! Why is he not at Grange? What has brought him home?' These and a host of other questions I poured out as we stood face to face in the moonlight.

He drew my arm through his, and we walked slowly down the path in silence for a few minutes, before he answered me. 'He has come home because he is in great trouble,' said my uncle in a low voice; 'and he has taken refuge with me because he dare not face Sir Arthur or my Lady.'

'In great trouble?' I questioned eagerly.

'What kind of trouble, uncle?'

'Money trouble.'

'Oh, that is the least of all troubles,' I said lightly, in my ignorance.

'Is it?' said Uncle Thomas bitterly—'is it? Child, how little you know! No matter. This unhappy lad has been driven to do a very foolish and dangerous thing in order to raise money. Now, he feels the consequence; and in mortal dread of an exposure, flies to me. Silly boy! I was very angry with him when he came this evening—very; but now I am beginning to pity him. He was placed in a very false position. Sir Arthur never should have put him in the Guards, amongst rich young fellows who need never give a second thought to what they spend.'

'What has he done, uncle?' I asked.

'I may as well tell you, knowing you to be a sensible little girl, and that what I say will go no further. He put his father's name on a bill for three hundred pounds, and now he

has not a ha'penny to meet it. The bill may be in Sir Arthur's hands to-night, for all we know.'

'Three hundred pounds is not such a very large sum is it, uncle?' I said gently.

'Do you mean that I might give it to him? Eh puss? I can't say I see my way to that at all,' uncle replied. 'No; I'm a fool about some things, I grant you, but not such a fool as all that.'

I walked beside him silently for a few paces; then he spoke again. 'Just see what want of money has done in that family. Here's this thoughtless youth just ruined; and'—uncle stamped his foot on the path—'here is a fortune under us—coal, my girl, coal and iron enough to make the Cliffords millionaires. No capital to work the mines; no energy to start them; and two as fine lads as ever lived just lost for want of money, while twenty thousand pounds lie idle in a box! It's enough to drive a man mad!'

'Why don't you start the mines yourself, uncle?' I said. 'You have energy enough, and money too.'

'Ay, but not years enough, my girl. No, no! I've got too many irons in the fire as it is.—Here we are. Meet the lad as if you knew nothing.'

It was easier said than done, for, as we entered the library at the Mills House, Arthur Clifford sprang forward eagerly to meet us. I fancied his countenance fell as he saw me; and an instantaneous flash of memory recalled sundry little things I had observed between him and Naomi when he was last amongst us. I remembered, even while I was shaking hands with him and saying how surprised I was to see him, that they used to play croquet together a good deal in those days, and that they danced together whenever opportunity offered. Could it be possible there was any kind of understanding between them?

Uncle Thomas had left us together, and for a while neither of us said much. At length Arthur lifted his dark curly head, and said abruptly: 'I did not expect you to-night, Olive.'

'Did you not? I suppose just as little as I expected to see you.'

'Well, no; not in that way, my dear girl. I knew Mr Thorp would bring *some* one back; but'—He stopped short, and cast a shy embarrassed look into my face.

'You did not expect *me*?' I said laughingly.

'No; I did not.'

'And which of us, then, did you expect?'

'Naomi.'

I laughed again—a forced laugh. Here were my suspicions proved true.

'I know she would have come over had she thought I was here,' he continued. 'Never mind. I'll see her to-morrow.'

I did not say anything; but perhaps he saw by my face that I thought it was not likely. He rose from his chair and sauntered to the hearth, where he stood leaning his arm on the mantel-shelf, and looking into the red depths of the fire for a few moments; then: 'This is an unlucky business, Olive,' he said moodily.

I do not know why, but it seemed to me as if he looked upon his evil deed rather in the light of a misfortune, than in that of a grave

fault; and now a feeling of half-contempt mingled with the pity I had at first felt for him.

'Yes,' I said coldly; 'it is a bad business.'

'Pon my word, Olive, I had no idea it would turn out like this, when I just jotted down "Bart." after my name on the dirty scrap of stamped paper. See here; I give you my honour I wasn't responsible that day. We had been keeping it up rather hard—Pedder and Wilcox and one or two other fellows; and I— Well, the fact is I had been having too much liquor—don't look so shocked, my dear Olive; hundreds of fellows do it—and when old Shylock came bothering about the cash I owed him, in desperation I signed the governor's name to a bill.'

'Oh, Arthur!'

'Ay, you may say so; but you'd cry louder if you knew it all.' He lounged across the room to the buffet, poured out half a tumbler of sherry, drank it at a draught, and returned to the fireside. 'I've shocked you terribly, I'm sure of it,' he said, and paused moodily. 'What tempted the governor to put me into the Guards, I'd like to know?' he asked in a low bitter voice. 'It was like flinging a man into the fire, and not expecting him to be burned. Such folly!'

'It strikes me that you are ready to blame every one but yourself, Arthur,' I replied, for I was beginning to feel more and more contempt for the man as he stood there trying to vindicate himself. And could our dear Naomi care for him? My heart ached as I thought of it.

'Well, why shouldn't I speak the truth? It was madness of them to let me mix with a swell set of fellows without sixpence in my pocket. Look here, Olive—did you see the mother to-day?'

'No,' I answered abruptly. 'Ruth was at Grange to-day. I am going to-morrow.'

'Are you?' His face brightened. 'See here. One of those diamond stars of hers would pay up all, and set me on my feet. Perhaps you'd ask her?'

'I! ask her to sell her diamonds? Are you mad?'

'No; not the least bit in the world. I'd sell them all, the whole lot, if I had it in my power.'

'Arthur Clifford, I'm ashamed of you,' I said haughtily, and left him to his own devices.

A STATE BANQUET IN MADAGASCAR.

'MR FROST, you are wanted for duty with the Admiral this afternoon, sir,' was announced with a grin by old Blowhard, our venerable quartermaster.

'That's rather a kill-joy for you,' sung out a voice from a neighbouring cabin, owned by C—, my opposite number.

For the benefit of the uninitiated, it may be as well to explain that one's 'opposite number' is the man who keeps the 'opposite' watch, or next watch but one, to one's self, and consequently the man to exchange duty with. Truly, it *was* rather a kill-joy, for C— had undertaken my duty that day, and I had made every preparation for an expedition to the marshes after duck.

I was soon enlightened as to the nature of the duty by a supplementary order brought by the midshipman of the watch, and delivered in what little Beckford thought a really officer-like style. 'Tail-coats, epaulets, white waistcoats, and swords, is the rig for officers going on shore with the Admiral, sir,' said Beckford.

'What's it for, Becky?' I asked.

'Oh! a feed, I believe, sir, with some of the nigger swells'—by which I understood Mr Beckford to intimate that I was to attend the Admiral to a state banquet given to him by the representatives of the Hova government at Tamatave.

Our good craft *H.M.S. Who's Afraid* had cast anchor in Tamatave Bay, Madagascar, a day or two before, and towards the end of as jolly a cruise as ever ship had the good fortune to sail; Tamatave being one of the last places we had to call at in the cooler and more southerly latitudes, before running up into warmer regions again.

Most of our hearts and some of our pockets stood sadly in need of repair. I was in the pitiable condition of suffering from both.

During the few days we had been lying in Tamatave Bay, I had found time for a cruise of inspection on shore, and had succeeded in discovering good chances of making a fairish bag of duck in the marshes. I had subsequently made all the necessary arrangements with my 'opposite number' for a free afternoon, when, as I have just described, my pleasant anticipations were shattered at one fell swoop by old Blowhard opening the wardroom door behind me and making the announcement already recorded. I believe, judging by the happy expression the old wretch wore, that he took a malicious pleasure in extinguishing the one bright spot in my otherwise gloomy prospects.

Half-past three is an awful time for a square meal; but the Hova government are evidently not of Sydney Smith's opinion with regard to lunch being 'an insult to one's breakfast, and an injury to one's dinner,' and had fixed upon an hour which heaped insult and injury on every other meal of the day.

There was no shirking it; and half-past two saw us all arrayed in our 'war-paint,' packed in boats, and towed ashore by the steam pinnace. It was a lovely afternoon in the cool season, with a light southerly monsoon blowing, and a regular fleecy trade-wind sky. About twenty minutes' steaming of the sturdy little pinnace brought us to the principal landing-place of the chief town on the west coast of Madagascar.

It was apparently a grand day amongst the inhabitants of Tamatave. A large crowd of those who had nothing better to do had assembled on the strand to see the Admiral and (as the newspapers have it) his numerous and brilliant staff. Those 'who have nothing better to do' seem to form the major part of the population of an African town.

The costume of the natives is simple and inexpensive; not being an artist, I cannot say whether it is picturesque, but I should say it is cool enough. It struck one that the intelligent Malagash had flung himself head-foremost into a grass-cloth pillow-case, and had succeeded in boring his round woolly black head through the closed end of it, and in poking his arms out at the sides.

Comparing, however, their costumes with our heavy blue cloth and gold lace, I was bound to admit that the natives in that respect were really the more civilised race of the two. Standing on the hot sand under a blazing sun, in the same dress we are accustomed to wear in the Channel, made us feel very 'Turkish-bathy,' and possessed of less wisdom than our dusky brethren.

All that was to be seen of the great city from the landing-place was a row of huts, with a wooden building kept as a restaurant by an enterprising Bourbonnese. But in front of the row of huts was a sight which the natives thought could not fail to strike even us with awe. It was the guard of honour! The men composing it were drawn up in line facing us, and as the Admiral stepped out of the boat, they went through their performance in grand style. They were a guard representing, I imagine, all the military forces of the island, for they were dressed in every conceivable uniform—cavalry, hussar, artillery, grenadier. Even a marine uniform was in the ranks. They were rigged out in cast-off English uniforms. Trousers seemed to have been issued only as a mark of distinction, for they were not universally worn. I thought it a doubtful benefit, comparing the temperature of Madagascar with that of the country they had been originally meant for. The arms seem to have been provided on the principle on which a boy collects postage-stamps, namely, to get as many different sorts as possible. The most impressive part of the proceeding was the salute. The commanding officer stepped out and yelled his orders in English. (This was perhaps meant as a compliment to the British Admiral, or resulted from the fact that a retired sergeant of our army had been instructor-in-chief to the Madagascar army). 'Silence in the ranks!' he bellowed forth. No talking was going on at the time; if there had been, the order would not have been understood, being given in English; but I suspect, as Jack says, 'It's in their gunnery-book, and they has to say it.' 'Rear rank, take opin ordah!' was next yelled out. There wasn't any rear rank, so I don't know how the commanding officer got this order executed. As there was no appearance of a hitch anywhere, and he made no pause, it was apparently done to his entire satisfaction; and the next moment he sung out, 'Shoddah ums! Present ums!' and the Tower musket, the old flint lock, the chassépot, the double-barrelled gas-pipe, the German gun, and the rest of the collection, came up to the 'Present' more or less together.

The Admiral returned the salute with an immovable face. He loved a joke, and had as keen an eye for the ludicrous as most people; so the command of his countenance must have cost him an effort.

The scene of our banqueting was some way off, and the governor had provided chairs and the usual team of four bearers for each officer, to convey us from the landing-place. These chairs are simply seats with a back, which are secured to long poles, and a small board slung underneath to rest the feet on. The bearers are fine sturdy fellows; and the distance and pace they go at are simply marvellous, especially

when one considers the simple fare they live on.

Our road lay along the principal street, which runs the whole length of the town. The houses on each side are nearly all one-storied wooden houses, occupied by French residents from Mauritius and Bourbon. They seemed cheerful, clean, and tidy little houses enough. Our mode of progression may be an every-day sight to these good folks; but the sight of an English Admiral and all his officers in full fig carried shoulder-high on apparently nothing but two long poles, struck me as rather comical.

As we approached the entrance to an old and rather dilapidated-looking fort, a coated native dashed past us to turn out the guard stationed by the narrow passage through which we were to enter the courtyard. The guard consisted of one man in the uniform of a dragoon, but without trousers, followed by another with a sword, as officer of the guard. The latter seemed rather put out that his guard was so small, but determined to do his best before the foreigners, and make up for the smallness of the guard by the extra grandeur of his orders. The guard visibly trembled at the sight of us, but the officer was equal to the occasion. 'Silence in the ranks!' he roared out, standing on the right of the sentinel, and putting his mouth about an inch or two from the poor fellow's ear. 'Rear rank, take op in ordah!' he next shrieked out to the unhappy warrior. The sentry stood the yelling in his ear pretty well, and at the third order, 'Shoddah ums!' he threw his old gas-pipe about in capital style. When the salute was over, the order for the other part of him to take close order was given, and the guard dismissed. He looked a happier man, and retired into the kennel which was his guard-house with the air of having done something to deserve well of his country.

We alighted in a courtyard just inside the walls, and a narrow flight of steps brought us into a mud-built room over the fort. It was a very long low room, with few windows. The table was spread for between twenty and thirty guests, and I could not help meditating prospectively on its stuffiness when all should be present. We were received by the governor, who, with a Princess of the blood-royal, did the honours. She was a stout, cheery little body, with curly hair, nearly white, who spoke French perfectly, having, I believe, been educated in France. The Minister for Foreign Affairs of the Hova government had come down from the capital to meet the Admiral, and was also there to receive him.

Madagascar is rather strangely divided into two races—the Hovas and the Sakalavas. The former are recognised by us as the ruling race, and their government is held responsible in all dealings and treaties with our government. The Hovas are not, however, entirely masters of the island, for the Sakalavas hold a great deal of the southern and western parts of it; but they must eventually come under the Hova rule, for the latter, in place of being divided into innumerable tribes, are united under their Queen Ranavalamanjaka, and are certainly making rapid strides in civilisation.

The governor of Tamatave, the judge and

other officials, the principal inhabitants, our consul, a missionary gentleman, and ourselves, completed the party. The Hova gentlemen were dressed in sober black of Parisian fashion of a former date. We were received as if we had been entering a European court, our hosts bowing profusely. A few of the Hova officials could speak a little French; one could even speak a little English as well—he was, I think, the Minister for Foreign Affairs.

The usual introductions being over—a thoroughly British method of shaking hands was adopted—small-talk, and very difficult small-talk, was attempted. English-French and Madagascary-French don't fit in at all well; so, after a few remarks which we neither of us understood, my Hova friend and I dropped into a mutually accommodating plan of 'Oui, oui,' and a smile after each other's stuttering attempts. After some interesting conversation of this description, we took our seats, or rather stood behind them; for, as a sort of preliminary grace, the healths of Queen Victoria and Ranavalamanjaka were proposed. Certainly the good folks in Madagascar are more loyal than we are; there is much greater merit in thinking of one's Queen when hungry before a meal, than after it, when one is usually—that is, if the dinner has been a good one—rather inclined to think well and kindly of all. The toast was received by all with loud applause, though the liqueur in which it was drunk was poured out of a bottle looking suspiciously like 'hair-oil,' and tasted like a mixture of lime-juice and glycerine. The health-drinking over, we settled down to the real business of the day. The governor sat at one end of the table, and the other end was pretty well filled by the fat jovial little Princess—Julie by name.

There was a long pause after the soup, and an uneasy stir was perceptible amongst our hosts. There was an occasional inquiry from the governor, and a message sent off by a slave; but with no satisfactory result. Our laboured attempts at polite and easy conversation made every minute seem an hour, for even 'Oui, oui,' grew a trifle uninteresting, after being repeated a few hundred times. Things must have been looking serious indeed; for in about ten minutes, the governor despatched the Chief-Justice to the kitchen to discover the cause of the delay. He returned from his mission looking very blank, and no ray of hope cheered the heart of the governor. Punishment is severe and summary in Madagascar, and I trembled for the fate of the cook and his staff. Another local swell, a species of Lord Mayor, was next sent posting down to the kitchen, but he returned ere long, having been as unsuccessful as the Chief-Justice. There was a decided hitch somewhere; and I was beginning to congratulate myself on a happy escape, when the fat little Princess jumped off her seat, and accompanied by the Minister for Foreign Affairs, toddled out of the room, no doubt making for the kitchen, to discover the cause of the delay. Either her charms had been irresistible, or the Minister for Foreign Affairs had taken up a very decided 'Stand-no-nonsense' sort of tone with the head of the culinary department, for they returned triumphant in a few minutes. They each headed a column of blacks who streamed into the room after them, bearing huge dishes,

on which lay enormous roast turkeys, geese, ducks, and guinea-fowls. The number of dishes was something stupendous. After the first detachment had deposited their burdens on the table, there was a slight confusion, for there was no room for the second instalment which was being carried in by the next column of slaves. However, by dint of squeezing and shoving, they were all located, and three roast animals per guest were provided by our hospitable entertainers.

Now the battle raged fast and furious. The slaves bustled about, placing the good things before us. The various dishes were, I believe, excellent, all cooked in the French style; but one could not get over a certain nervous feeling about them—an Englishman is so absurdly squeamish about his food. (By the way, I presently discovered that the cause of the delay in the appearance of our second course had been a block in the street between the French restaurant where the dinner was cooked, and the banquetting hall; a most probable occurrence, seeing the crowd of slaves who were employed to bring the viands.)

We were pretty merry in spite of all; and as our remarks could not be understood except by the Minister for Foreign Affairs, who was well away from my part of the table, we managed to indulge in a little innocent chaff. Our harmless prattle was flowing smoothly, when suddenly a crash was heard in the courtyard below, which almost lifted us off our seats, and made us look wildly round the table and at each other, to find out what on earth it could mean. The crash was followed by a braying, drumming, and shrieking, as if three regiments of drums and fifes and about fifty buglers were all practising their several calls at the same time, entirely independent of each other. I wondered if they had designs on bringing the roast turkeys, &c., back to life. When we had recovered from the first shock of the thing, we could trace the faintest suspicion of a tune running through it. One of us, who affected an ear for music, pronounced it to be an attempt at *God Save the Queen*. We loyally stood up. It went on for an unconscionable time; but at length they stopped—I thought for want of wind.

Before starting for this entertainment, the Admiral, who is an awful old wag himself, had told us very solemnly that there was to be no laughing, and that our deportment was to be one of great gravity and decorum. It was a precious severe trial of our discipline in this respect when after a short pause the band set up a more hideous bray than ever, and when, at the end of the performance, we heard him remark very blandly: 'Ah! that's very pretty, very pretty indeed. What is the name of this piece?' To which His Excellency of the Foreign Portfolio replied: 'Him no got proper name; him only Malagash tune.'

The 'Malagash tune,' mercifully varied with a few 'brilliant flashes of silence,' was resumed and continued till the period for the toasting and speechifying arrived. The little Princess left the end of the table—as a sign, I suppose, that the ladies had withdrawn—and took her place next to our consul in a semi-official capacity as interpreter; and most efficiently did she perform that

office. Our consul made the first speech, and, as far as my knowledge of French would allow me to judge, it seemed a particularly good one. He had to pause every now and then, to allow the little Princess to translate what he had been saying into the Hova language. The speechifying being over, that pitiless band again pealed forth its terrible thunder; but as soon as politeness would allow, the Admiral, to our infinite delight, made a move to go. We found our 'four-in-hands' in attendance, stopping the way below. The bearers, no doubt, had been enjoying the dulcet strains of their native music while we were at table.

We were on board again by seven. It had been something entirely new, and something to fill a letter home with; so, though I had missed my duck-shooting, I was not altogether sorry I had gone.

THE SERVANT-GIRL QUESTION.

How to obtain good domestic servants, who will give their services for reasonable periods of time, and so reduce to a minimum the necessity for those repeated changes which disturb the even tenor of our family life, is the perplexing problem which is vexing heart and brain in thousands of households in our country. That it may ere long occupy a foremost place on the list of social questions pressing for solution, is no doubt the devout wish of many a matron who can think and speak feelingly on this subject.

The domestic-servant difficulty has already been dwelt upon in the pages of this *Journal*, and hints touching mutual relations have been suggested to mistress and servant, for the consideration of both. But although satisfactory results may be expected, and do in some instances flow from efforts mutually put forth in the direction indicated, it is still a discouraging fact that they are exceptional in the experience of a considerable number of mistresses. Within the remembrance of many persons now living, it used to be no uncommon event in the life of a servant-girl for her to remain five, ten, and even fifteen years in her situation. It is an event of more frequent occurrence nowadays for a kind-hearted lady, actuated it may be in the first place by motives of charity, but none the less anxious to secure the services of a good servant, to admit some waif or stray into her household, teach her a servant's duties, and after having brought her to a fair degree of efficiency, to have the mortification of seeing her protégée at the expiration of six months quit her service for that of another mistress.

The difficulties which beset the domestic-servant question would seem to call for the application of some extraneous means—some established, organised methods, by means of which we could reach out a friendly hand to our servant-girls, appeal to their self-respect, promote their interests, and hold out to them inducements to exercise zeal and diligence in the discharge of household duties, to aim at excellence and fidelity in the performance of them, and, moreover, to seek to attach themselves with greater constancy to the service of their employers. We have already pointed out that the great want of the present day is some extended organisation by which young girls could

be trained for household duties. Once established and fairly set in working order, such an organisation would, under able management, soon make its influence felt in the Metropolis, and its example be followed in country towns where branch Societies would be established, which might derive certain advantages from affiliative association with the parent organisation. Some modification in the nature of the work done, and in the rules and regulations in force at the latter, might be necessary in the case of branch Societies, the rules and regulations of which should be adapted to meet the special requirements of each district.

Leaving the task of formulating a plan for establishing a Metropolitan organisation to the residents in London, it may not be out of place here to attempt a brief though imperfect sketch of the organisation of a Society such as we hope to see at some future day established throughout the country. We will begin by appointing a managing Committee, composed of ladies and gentlemen, and by laying down the wholesome fundamental principle that our Society shall be self-supporting. Perhaps it is too much to expect that our intentions will be realised directly; but our aim should be to make the Society self-supporting. Our rules and regulations—to be amended and improved, as wisdom and expediency may suggest—might for the present take something like the following shape, namely—

1. Members of the Society to be composed of girls who are candidates for domestic service, and girls who are already in service. Before being admitted as members, girls are to satisfy the Committee that they are honest, sober, and of good moral character—qualities essential to membership. A small entrance fee and annual subscription to be charged. Age of members on entrance, and the amount of fee and subscription, to be determined by the Committee.

2. With the object of promoting habits of providence and thrift, each member shall, on joining the Society, be expected, or even required to become a depositor in a savings-bank, and continue so during membership.

3. One year's unbroken service in her first, or failing that, in her second situation, with a good character from her mistress, shall entitle the member to an official certificate of character. The service to date from membership.

4. Two years' continuous service in her situation, dating from membership, with a good character from her mistress, shall entitle the member to a good-conduct certificate. This certificate to constitute a recommendation to situations where higher wages are given, and to be issued by the Committee.

5. Three years' continuous service in her situation, dating from membership, with a good character from her mistress, shall entitle the member to a first-class certificate of merit, in which may be inserted any special qualifications or recommendations applicable to her case. This certificate to be issued by the parent Society in London, and to constitute a recommendation for superior or first-class situations in the country.

6. Facilities shall be afforded to members in situations to attend at half-price—with the sanction of their mistresses—lectures or enter-

tainments of an instructive and elevating character: a limited number of tickets to be issued from time to time, as the Committee may determine.

7. A Servants' Register shall be kept, in which entries are to be made of the names and ages of (1) members who have not yet been out to service, and are eligible; (2) members who have served one year in a situation; (3) certificated members who have been in service for two years and upwards; (4) members who wish to avail themselves of the instruction and training afforded at the parent Society, with a view to obtaining situations in London; and (5) the names of ladies in the town and neighbourhood requiring servants.

8. Arrangements for interviewing servants to be made on certain days.

9. Registration fees to be charged as determined by the Committee.

It may be urged, and not without reason, that large sums of money, and possibly much labour, would be necessary in order to establish and carry on an organisation of this character. But nothing of this nature is free from trouble and expense; and if these were found to be fruitful of good results, it need hardly be said that the organisers might be considered as amply rewarded.

W O N.

SHE was so young and fair,
I could not choose but love her. At her feet
I laid my heart and life—an offering meet.

And when with sweet assent
She let me kiss her trembling lips divine,
I thought that none could part us—she was mine!

Alas, poor hope! Stern words
From sterner parent came: 'I cannot yield;
Go thou and fight in Life's great battlefield.

'Fresh laurels win. When rings
Our land from east to west with thy great fame,
Come then and ask me may she bear thy name!'

With weary hearts and sad,
Beneath the summer stars we bid good-bye,
And vowed to love, through weal or woe, for aye!

Year after year passed on,
And yet, alas! still flowed the changing sea
Between my heart's desire—my life's one love—and me.

At last, with willing feet
And glad, I homeward turned. My task was done.
Once more within my arms I held her—won!

White-robed, like angel pure,
She came—my bride—to gladden all my life.
I cried: 'They cannot part us now, sweet wife.'

The joy-bells rung o'erhead,
The birds sung on, as hand in hand we passed
Into a strange sweet life—love-crowned at last.

CARRADOREN.

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